Fretwork with Iestyn Davies
October 27, 2019 | 3:00 PM | Mandel Hall

Fretwork
Asako Morikawa, Sam Stadlen, Emily Ashton, Jo Levine, Richard Boothby, viols

Iestyn Davies, countertenor

2:00 PM pre-concert lecture with Robert Kendrick, UChicago Professor of Music

Silent Noon

PROGRAM

BYRD
(1543–1623)

| My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is
| Fantasia “Two parts in one the other fourth above”
| Ye Sacred Muses
| In Nomine No. 5

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
(1872–1958)

| The Sky Above the Roof
| Silent Noon

GIBBONS
(1583–1625)

| Fantasia in four parts “for ye great double bass”

J. C. BACH
(1642–1703)

| Ach, daß ich Wassers gnug hätten

INTERMISSION

GESUALDO
(1566–1613)

| Beltà poi che t’assenti
| Dolcissima mia vita
| Sparge la notte

LAWES
(1602–1645)

| Consort set in A minor
| Fantaz
| Fantaz
| Aire

PURCELL
(c. 1659–1695)

| Fantazia in four parts No. 6
| O Solitude

JENKINS
(1592–1678)

| Fantasia in five parts No. 7

HANDEL
(1685–1759)

| Già l’ebro mio ciglio from Orlando
| Passacaille from Op. 5 No. 4 HWV 399
| Piangerò from Giulio Cesare

Works for countertenor and viols together are denoted with italics. All other works are for viols alone.
TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

WILLIAM BYRD

My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is
Texts attributed to Sir Edward Dyer

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
That it excels all other bliss
Which God or Nature hath assign'd;
Though much I want that most men have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear,
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may;
Look, what I want my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph as a king,
My mind content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience clear my chief defense;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offense.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

The Sky Above the Roof
Texts by Mabel Dearmer, after Paul Verlaine

The sky above the roof
Is calm and sweet:
A tree above the roof
Bends in the heat.
A bell from out the blue
Drowsily rings:
A bird from out the blue
Plaintively sings.

Ah God! A life is here,
Simple and fair,
Murmurs of strife are here,
Lost in the air.

Why dost thou weep, O heart,
Poured out in tears?
What hast thou done, O heart
With thy spent years?

Silent Noon
Texts by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, –
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: –
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Ye Sacred Muses
Texts by William Byrd

Ye sacred Muses, race of Jove,
Whom Music's lore delighteth,
Come down from crystal heav'ns above
To earth where sorrow dwelleth,
In mourning weeds, with tears in eyes:
Tallis is dead, and Music dies
JOHANN CHRISTOPH BACH

*Ach, daß ich Wassers gnug hätten*
Text from Jeremiah 9:1; Psalm 38:4; Lamentations 1:16, 22,12

*Ach, daß ich Wassers gnug hätte in meinem Haupte,*
*und meine Augen Tränenquellen wären,*
*daß ich Tag und Nacht beweinen könnte meine Sünde.*

Oh, that I had tears enough in my head,
And that my eyes were springs from which they flowed,
That I could weep for my sin, day and night.

Meine Sünde gehe über mein Haupt.
Wie eine schwere Last ist sie mir zu schwer worden,
darum weine ich so,
und meine beiden Augen fließen mit Wasser.
Meines Seufzens ist viel, und mein Herz ist betrübet,
denn der Herr hat mich voll Jammers gemacht
am Tage seines grimmigen Zorns.

My sin towers above my head,
Like a heavy burden it has become more than I can bear,
Therefore do I weep,
The tears flowing from both my eyes.
Manifold are my sighs, heavy is my heart,
For the Lord has filled me with sorrow
On the day of His furious wrath.

CARLO GESUALDO

*Beltà poi che t’assenti*
Text by anonymous

*Beltà, poi che t’assenti,*
*Come ne porti il cor, porta i tormenti.*
*Che tormentato cor può ben sentire*
*La doglia del morire,*
*E un’alma senza core*
*Non può sentir dolore.*

Beauty, since you are leaving,
As you are taking away my heart, take also its sufferings.
For a heart so suffering can feel
The pain of dying all too well,
But a soul without
A heart cannot feel pain.

Dolcissima mia vita
Text after a madrigal text by G. B. Guarini

*Dolcissima mia vita,*
*A che tardate la bramata aita?*
*Credete forse che’l bel foco ond’ardo*
*Sia per finir perche torcete il guardo?*
*Ahi, non sia mai, che brama il mio desire*
*O d’amarti ò morire.*

My sweetest life,
Why delay your longed-for favor?
Do you perhaps believe that the sweet fire of my ardor
Will cease if you turn away your gaze?
Ah, may that never happen, for my desire
Is either to love you or to die.

Sparge la morte
Text by anonymous

*Sparge la morte al mio Signor nel viso*
*Tra squallidi pallori Pietosissimi horrori;*
*Poi lo rimira e ne divien pietosa,*
*Geme, sospira e più ferir non osa;*
*Ei, che temer la mira,*
*Inchina il capo, asconde il viso, e spira.*

Death floods my Lord’s face
With pitiful horror amidst terrible pallor:
Then, Death looks at Him once more and feels pity;
He groans, sighs and dares not harm Him further.
And He, seeing Death afraid,
Bows His head, hides His face, and dies.
HENRY PURCELL

O Solitude
Text by Katherine Philips, after Antoine Girard de Saint-Amant

O solitude, my sweetest choice:
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How ye my restless thoughts delight!
O solitude, my sweetest choice:
O heav’ns, what content is mine,
To see those trees which have appear’d
From the nativity of time,
And, from which all ages have rever’d,
To look today as fresh and green,
As when their beauties first were seen.
O, how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which th’unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure.
O! how I solitude adore!
O! O! how I solitude adore!
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo’s lore
Without the pains to study it.
For thy sake I in love am grown,
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing, and from serving thee.
O solitude! O! how I solitude adore!

GEORGE FRIDERIC HANDEL

Già l’ebro mio ciglio
Text by C. S. Capece

Già l’ebro mio ciglio
Quel dolce liquore invita a posar;
Tu, perfido Amore,
volando o scherzando,
non farmi destar!

This sweet potion
Makes me want to close my giddy eyes;
You, deceitful Cupid,
Whether you are flying or playing,
Don’t wake me up!

Piangerò
Text by N. F. Haym

Piangerò la sorte mia
si crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta, d’ogn’intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

I will lament my fate,
So cruel and so hard,
As long as my heart beats in my breast.
But once I am dead, then
Like a ghost, I will torment that tyrant
Everywhere, night and day.